THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 49.

Boston, Saturday, April 4, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 73.

BRITISH STATESMEN.

MELANCHOLY is the pleasure of contemplating the ruins of magnificence, of musing on the wreck of mind. We gaze and are proud; for they are relicks of greatness. We ponder and are sunk in dismay that for greatness there is a grave. We see majesty in desolation; behold the waste of mind; and ruminate on the brevity of the sovereignty of intellect, though established by the divine right of the distinctions of nature, and confirmed by the laborious exertions of art. The understanding, like the arrow, is honored only in its path. Both, while in motion, "whir by" our ears, but no sooner strike their destined mark, than both fall to the ground, to the eye of sense equally undistinguished, "unknowing and unknown." BURKE, PITT, FOX, where are *ye?* Ye mighty monarchs of mind, have ye risen to crowns of glory? Your places know you no more. Places, that, but for you would have known comparatively nothing. BURKE! that prophet without inspiration; to whose prescient mind the light of history rendered needless the light of revelation; who could see causes and consequences in one now; "*in comprehension, how like a God?*" PITT! that great man in spite of fortune. Others are great because they succeed. PITT perished in the struggle with success, leaving him victory, but not triumph. The bolt of heaven strikes down giants. But their prostration is no evidence of want of strength. PITT weighed the kingdoms of the world in a balance. The liberties of the earth hung on his arm alone and it upheld them. In the conflict for empire, in the commotions of dominion, he kept them secure and unmoved. Life at length failed. Heaven witnessed his fall and almost relented from its decree, that to deserve should not be to command success. CHARLES FOX! that man of all parties and honored by all; the known enemy of NORTH and the avowed advocate of his views; of the *Court party* and in *opposition*; the friend of the king and the man of the people; consistent only in his zeal for liberty and his exertions to abolish the barter of men! The man of principle, yet dissolute; of ardent temper and cool judgment; in whom ambition and love of pleasure were alike insatiable; a philosopher and a rake! Who sacrificed wealth to poverty, and independence to wealth; who knew no difference between splendor and poverty, but that in splendor he was poor, and in poverty splendid. The profound reasoner; the pow

erful statesman; the vehement orator!

The lives of these illustrious characters furnish the moralist with causes for the most important reflections. We behold BURKE, poor at the outset, scorn every mean of bettering his fortune, but what the most dignified delicacy would pronounce honorable. We see him sturdy in precept, and an example in practice of the perfection obedience to his precepts would tend to produce. We behold at length pensions magnified and made honorable by being conferred upon him. Yet throughout his whole life, from his cradle to his grave, the man of candor cannot discern even a momentary sacrifice of independence of mind.

PITT was perhaps the most consistent statesman that ever lived. Born to no title, he asserted the *prerogative* of nature and became the source of title to others. Repeatedly the first minister in the kingdom and commanding inexhaustible foreign resources, he lived in splendor, because he could not otherwise live with honor, and, to die in glory, he died poor. His funeral honors added indeed to his renown, for his estate could not pay the expense. With more power than ARISTIDES, he had the same inflexible justice.

CHARLES JAMES FOX we behold making laws for his country at an age, when those laws would not allow others to make contracts for themselves. PITT seemed formed for the *centre of a system*, round which the planets were to revolve in regular order. FOX seemed designed for *a comet*, to throw every system into confusion. He was flaming as a comet and irregular as its path. At a distance his beams would impart a genial influence. On approach they would scorch and kindle to conflagration. We gaze at his course, and, though his motion be too rapid for the eye to follow, we may catch him at points of his progress.

He came forward under all the favorable auspices of talents and fortune. The son of Lord Holland, his patrimony was great; the *favorite* of Lord Holland, the greatest patrimony would have been no competence. The fond weakness of a doating father, that can make absurdities reasonable, could alone justify his education. We find him soon reduced from affluence to need, standing in the cabinet of his country an animated, mouldering monument of the folly of extravagance and the worthlessness of hereditary wealth. When we compare him with the mighty lexicographer, SAMUEL JOHNSON, how the statesman shrinks by the side of the scholar? See JOHNSON at his outset in London, in the most abject and unremitted drudgery for daily subsistence! that the palate should taste, it was first necessary, that the head should think and the hand move. Goaded on by necessity, he goes forward with manly, but reluctant march, till he stands firmly fixed in the trenches of independence. View FOX at his outset in parliament, in all the splendor of affluence and the factitious dignity of rank! His talents and estate are almost equally objects of envy.—Let a few years pass, and behold him depressed in circumstances and humbled in mind! Who is he, that can contemplate JOHNSON, rising from penury to competence, and towards the close of life and in sickness declining the offers of pecuniary aid, made by the magnanimity of THURLOW, the delicacy of GERARD HAMILTON, and the utmost refinement of the most refined of men, and then glance upon FOX,

sinking from opulence below mediocrity, till he accept the proffered boon of an annuity fund to be raised by his political friends, and not be forcibly struck with the vanity of human grandeur and the uncertainty of fortune? We gaze, in the one case, and are ready to fall prostrate at the pedestal of sturdy independence. We look on, in the other, and see independence, bound hand and foot, brought by extravagance to the altar, and revolt indignant at the sacrifice, made necessary by the wantonness of prodigality and the madness of gaming. Fathers should pause and ponder, on the vicissitudes in the life of Fox, and read a most solemn lesson against giving improper directions to the mind of a son by indulgent education, lest they should thus one day make the wealth they would leave him only an aggravation of his distress, when the feeling sense of the want of property should be rendered more acute and poignant by the consciousness of having once amply possessed it. Z.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE EMERALD

Memoirs of SAMUEL STILLMAN, *D. D. Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston, Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*

It is peculiarly the happiness of a gospel minister that a faithful discharge of his professional duties creates an affection and attachment to his person. The promulgation of those awful and sublime truths which revelation discloses, and the inculcating of that pure and moral benevolence which the scriptures enjoin, gives room for the display of every mental qualification, and exercise for every virtuous sentiment. The more private duties of the clerical profession are not less interesting to the heart. The conversation of a man who has made religion his study, is oftentimes of wonderful consolation in the chambers of sickness. When disease immoveably fixes the eye on the great concerns of futurity, the voice of a friendly instructor is listened to with gratitude; the hope he inspires dwells sweetly on the heart, and his kindness rests in the memory through the period of future life.

In those misfortunes and bereavements, where the christian finds no consolation but from the voice of religion, the tenderness and attention of its public professors is a balm that quiets the agony of the wound. When these duties are performed by the public teachers of divinity, they invariably create among a christian people a love and esteem that is not easily diminished.

It is equally honourable for the ministers and people of New-England, that no where is the clerical profession held in higher respect. Their own good understanding has generally kept them within the line of their duty, and the discharge of that duty has created a great share of public confidence and esteem.

The subject of this memoir is a striking instance of the foregoing remarks, since few men were more beloved by their friends or better esteemed in society, and none more zealously engaged in the great work of the gospel.

Samuel Stillman was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 27th February, 1737. After having been instructed in preparatory studies in South-Carolina, he entered the college of his native State, and received its first honours in 1759. In the summer of the same year he

returned to South-Carolina and was settled in the ministry at James Island near Charleston. Naturally however of a feeble constitution, the warm climate of Carolina was found prejudicial to his health, and he quitted James Island with the reluctant assent of his parishioners sometime in 1761.

On his arrival soon after in Boston, he was invited to preach in the Baptist churches here established, and in January 1765 was installed to the care of the First Baptist Church, over which he presided till his death.

The life of a minister of the gospel is distinguished by few of those brilliant achievements or connected with those remarkable events which give interest to the biography of such as move in the more active circles of life. Dr. Stillman however was not insensible to the claims of his country, and by bearing it in grateful remembrance to the throne of God, evidenced the spirit of that religion he professed.—When the dispute between Great-Britain and her colonies commenced, he was known as an advocate for the just rights of his countrymen, and the great popularity he enjoyed was often judiciously interposed, as well to raise the true spirit of freedom as to check the licentiousness into which it would sometimes be drawn. The repeal of the Stamp Act gave him occasion of speaking on this subject from the pulpit, and his sermon on that occasion, which is printed, contains those sentiments which were prevalent at the time among the first characters of the State.

When the convention assembled for the formation of a State Constitution, Dr. Stillman was returned as a member for Boston, and his ability was noticed with applause by those illustrious characters who were labouring with him for this grand design.

In the convention of this State which assembled for the consideration of the Constitution of the United States, Dr. Stillman was an active and influential member. His character gave force to his opinions, and his arguments were enforced in that clear, perspicuous and instructive manner for which he was always admired.

The politics and the character of Washington ever commanded his respect and esteem, and wherever a just opportunity presented, he was never deficient in bestowing that praise and admiration which the *Father of his country* merited from the patriotism and gratitude of Americans. His oration delivered before the town on the anniversary of independence, contains the sentiments of a patriot, the language of a scholar, and the piety of a christian. Although he was not educated at the University of Cambridge, yet that seminary was desirous of enrolling his name among her sons, and conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts. The College of Rhode-Island likewise gave him the higher honour of Doctor of Divinity in the year 1789.

At the time when party politics began to divide and distract the community, Dr. Stillman made his endeavour to check that asperity and violence which were so prejudicial to the interest of the community and the principles of religion. Although it was well known that from habit and conviction he was influenced by the sentiments and views of those who have been usually denominated Federalists, yet he never permitted a difference of sentiment to interrupt the harmony of social intercourse, nor did he improperly urge the consideration of political topics at times when other

subjects should more pertinently have engaged the attention. There were several other performances of his on political subjects besides those above mentioned, all of which illustrate the remarks we have made.—In fact, at times when political subjects arrested every attention, the mildness and moderation of Dr. Sillman secured him the esteem of all parties; and though on every necessary occasion he maintained his own sentiments with spirit and firmness, yet he at the same time laid aside an illiberal and overbearing temper, and allowed to every one the liberty he claimed, that of judging for himself.

The Literary character of Dr. S. is maintained to the world only by occasional publications. His printed works consist of twenty-seven sermons and an oration. Most of the sermons are adapted to the circumstances and the place which produced them. They required ingenuity rather than learning, and a pleasant and engaging manner rather than much study or laborious investigation. We do not discover the traces of a deep and scrutinizing theologian nor the acute polemical divine, but there is a pleasant and agreeable manner which arrests and gratifies the attention. His style is commonly plain and perspicuous, not abounding in ornament nor captiously rejecting it. There is oftentimes a carelessness about it however, which would seem to indicate that the writer was considering points of more serious importance than the collocation of a period or the harmony of a sentence. An attention to style is indeed an improvement that has but recently become a matter of general attention with the clergy of our country. It is not now so much regarded as its importance requires. There are some men in the clerical profession who look on the writing of sermons as a mechanical labour and that which is the soonest done is the best finished; and there are others who affect to believe that the importance of theological truths requires no aid from style, and can derive no interest from the beauties of language. These characters are equally inattentive to the elegance of language; the one despising the assistance which the *belles lettres* could give to religion, and the other too inactive to enlist the recruit.—If however the language and manner of a discourse have any effect on the mind, if attention is arrested and detained not more by the matter than the manner by which it is enforced, the charms of style, and the graces of delivery should be considered as no unworthy auxiliaries to the cause of truth.

Dr. Stillman was peculiarly remarkable for the impressive and energetic manner with which his sermons were delivered. Enjoying by nature a clear and melodious voice, he was too well acquainted with its advantages to him as a public speaker, not to cultivate it with assiduity. To this was added a constitutional ardor which carried every faculty of his soul into the business of devotion. In sentiment he was zealous and fervid; in action strenuous and bold; his public duties were discharged in a mode that gave evidence of the speaker's conviction; it was not the cold or lukewarm performance of a necessary task, a mere ceremony without interest; it was always the display of an animated and impressive eloquence which commanded attention, and conducted the feelings of the preacher to the hearts of his audience.

To these circumstances he was indebted for that popularity which

he acquired on his first appearance in this town, and retained through all the vicissitudes of the times, against the attractions of novelty and the drawback of age.

We believe Dr. S. to have been strictly an upright and honest man; the doctrine that he preached was inculcated in his life. To his parishioners and to others who occasionally sought consolation from his mild and engaging conversation in times of depression and grief, he strictly performed the duties of his office. He would rejoice with those who rejoiced, and mourn with such as were of heavy heart. His reproof left a consciousness of guilt, and an affection for the hand that would thus kindly pluck away the thorn. His manners were easy and affable, and conversation in whatever line he directed it was sure to afford satisfaction and improvement. In his domestic circle, although discharging with fidelity the various duties that it enjoined, he had unfortunately much to regret—He had in the course of a few years to lament the death of seven of his children, who died at years of maturity, and some of them with infant children thus suddenly made orphans.

His death, which took place on the 16th ult. was sudden and unexpected. It is a little remarkable that of seven ministers of the gospel who have died in the town of Boston within a few years, five of them have in the same manner terminated their earthly career.

The years of his life have been many and useful, and his memory will be held in sweet remembrance, not merely by the people of his particular charge, but by his fellow townsmen at large, and by all who had the pleasure of his society.

Boston, April 2, 1807.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 23.

Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.

The annals of the theatre for the last week contain but few subjects interesting to taste or criticism. The repetition of plays, the merit of which has been already sufficiently discussed, and but little introduction of novelty, renders our way barren either of pleasure or improvement. Our dramatic bills of fare have not been attractive enough to excite crouds to partake them; but we believe they contained inducements sufficient to save the expences of the caterers, which in the present fastidious state of the public appetite is all that can well be expected. Public amusement seems to have run its course for the season, and is now nearly at a stand; peculiar motives are therefore requisite to raise expectation and great talents to satisfy desire.

Honey Moon (Tobin) and High Life Below Stairs. Thursday, March 26.

It is seriously to be regretted that a poet like Tobin should have died without producing any other play than the Honey-Moon. The smoothness of its versification, the happy interchange of its sentiments, the vivacity of its dialogue, and the strength and truth of some of its characters, afford examples of much poetical acquirement, strength of judgment, force of imagination, and knowledge of human nature. He does not seem to have possessed in a great degree the faculty of invention, but rests satisfied with improving upon the designs of others. Yet time and perseverance might have awakened faculties which were only dormant in his breast; for to judge from his genius in execution, we cannot presume he did not possess, although he did not shew, a fertile invention. The play he wrote, precludes, in its very plan, the introduction of original fables: as his invention was intended, none therefore is to be sought. There is no play of late times which seems more calculated to maintain its ground as a stock-piece than the one under consideration. The scenes are level with common life, and like those of Shakespeare are applicable to all manners and all ages. The

sentiments are natural and therefore durable; they do not elevate us above humanity and hurry us into the clouds, neither do they sink us into the lowness of vulgarity and obscene wit. Of the plot of this play it is unnecessary now to speak; it has already occupied one of our previous papers.

The Honey-Moon, as performed this evening, was altered in the cast of two principal characters: those of the Duke and Volante. Mr. Fennel in the Duke was generally approved, but not witnessing the whole of his performance ourselves, we can only remark, that what we saw of it would justify a qualified approbation. His prevailing defect in some scenes was a want of life and vivacity, a defect into which verse is too apt to betray the best performers. The sweetness of harmony and regular pauses of poetry do not consist with the rapid conveyance of lively thought and gaiety of expression.

We saw Mrs. Poe in a few scenes of Volante, and in some respects were highly gratified; but they had more of the hoiden than perhaps they required. Volante's jokes and manners, like those of Beatrice, are rather the effect of *art* than simplicity or a want of education.

The rest of the performers acquitted themselves respectably, and we saw no reason, during that part of the exhibition which we witnessed, to exercise severity of remark or critical reprehension.

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The Distress'd Mother (Ambrose Phillips) and Lodoiska.

Monday, March 30.

This play is one among many instances where a scrupulous adherence to the unities of Aristotle has not only not produced an interesting drama, but has destroyed the illusion of the scene by the very endeavours of the author to preserve it. This assertion may appear paradoxical, but experience every day affords conviction of its truth.—When every scene of a drama seems measured by rule, when every sentiment is frigid from restraint, and the glow of passion deadened by the author, because it transgresses the bounds prescribed by the Stagyrite, the audience will be affected with languor without knowledge of the cause, or with displeasure for want of sympathy. The violation of historical truth in this production, which is so much relied on by the critics, cannot have much weight when it is considered that the history itself is not established upon the surest foundations, that much fable is undoubtedly intermixed with it, and that whether fact or fable, the circumstances are so remote that a deviation from them may be very readily admitted for the more important object of interest in the story. So that whether Hermoine really killed herself on the body of Pyrrhus, whom Orestes had murdered at her suggestion, or whether she lived and afterwards married Orestes, is of little importance when put in competition with the advantage of assisting the drama.

This play is nearly a translation from the French of *Racine*, and though requiring no great talents, yet the translator has been highly extolled in the Spectator both by Addison and Steele; and his play propped it is said by the most successful epilogue (written by Addison) that was ever spoken on the English stage. Like the character of most French tragedies, that of the Distress'd Mother, is heavy declamation. "Declamation roars, while passion sleeps." The mad scene of Orestes is an exception from this remark, and as N. Lee was deranged while writing Alexander, so Phillips during the composition of this scene is said to have been completely carried away by his own enthusiasm Whether it be true or not, the event discribed in the play is naturally produced, and both designed and executed in a masterly manner.

The language of this production is harmonious; but the incidents though forcible so seldom occur, that whatever praise they may severally deserve, yet when the whole is summed it will be but scanty approbation for a whole drama. The character of Pyrrhus is conformable to the tenour of history; Orestes is well calcalated for the stage, being involved in crimes without malice, and only led to them by the force of his attatchment to Hermoine. Indeed, it is truly observed of all the characters in the piece, that the crimes which they commit are rather the effect of excessive virtue, than of a predisposition to their perpetration.

The performance was very respectable. The costume of the characters was in most cases accurate; especially among the principal performers. Those in more subordinate stations, dressed as well as they were able, sometimes, in a Venetian, sometimes in a Gothic garb.

Mr. Fennel as Orestes, afforded us much satisfaction, excepting in want of distinctness in his utterance. In the mad scene, particularly, he evinced a capacity in the delivery of passionate exclamation, which while it surprised us from its novelty, had an universal influence, on the audience.

Mr. Usher gave Pyrrhus with much force of emphasis; but being sometimes we presume imperfect of recollection, he hesitated in many of his best passages.

Mr. Poe as the friend of Orestes, and Mr. Downie as that of Pyrrhus, mixed with the crowd of supernumeraries, undistinguished by the notice of the audience, or any peculiar talents of their own.

Andromache by Mrs. Powell had an able representative. She performed with pathos, and gave some passages with superior effect. She was rather deficient in dignity, in the scene with her attendant, in which she discloses her intention of destroying herself after becoming the wife of Pyrrhus, and saving her child; and in which she speaks as became the widow of Hector.

Mrs. Stanley gave the heroic passion and dignified love of the Spartan princess Hermoine, with a just apprehension of the character she personated, and great power of execution. The speech to Pyrrhus, alluding to the sack of Troy, his activity there, and thence drawing a motive against his union with Andromache, was spoken with much strength of irony and bitterness of rivalship. Her manners to Andromache, were also well imagined; when she left her, with all the haughtiness of conscious victory, and triumphant exultation.

Notwithstanding the exertions of the performers, the piece lagged heavily from the beginning; and though the last scene compensated for many that preceded it, it could not allay the general disappointment of high-raised expectation.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

The name of Gray is a passp to every species of poetry w which it is connected. We h few books more entertaining t the memoirs of his life and writi by Mason, from which work following Latin lines are taken. Their merit consists in their ca seriousness and in their adaption the scienery as wellas history of place *(Le Grande Chartreuse)* which they refer. The translat is worthy attention, although t classical reader may think it infer to the original. It avoids w some address the long parenthe in the original, which in a poem this length must be considered a blemish.

Oh! tu, severi Religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certe fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque sylva

Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque nocte

Quam si repostus sub trabe citrea
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
Salve vocanti rite, fesso et
Da placidam juveni quietem.

Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacra lege silentii
Vetat volentem, me resorbens
In medios violenta fluctus

Saltem remoto des, pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas,
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Surripias hominumque curis.

Translation:

Thou, Genius of this awful place,
—Whate'er, unknown to me,
name—
Thee 'mid thy native streams I trace
Thee do these ancient woods p
claim!

Ah! more I feel thy influence round,
'Mid pathless rocks, and mountains rude,
And all yon deep opake of wood,
And falling waters' solemn sound,
Than if enshrin'd aloft I saw thee stand,
Glittering in robes of gold, and shap'd by Phidia's hand

Oh! might my prayer be heard! might I,
Faint ev'n in youth, here fix my seat!
But, if too cruel Fate deny,
In scenes so blest, a soft retreat;
If still ingulpht in life's rude wave,
Its boisterings I must vainly brave,
Oh! might I find in peaceful age
Some corner for a hermitage:
There steal from human cares and vulgar strife!
In freedom there enjoy the waning hour of life.

THE COURTIER.

Nobody doubts but that Lord Chesterfield, whatever might be the tendency of his principles in a moral view, gave very excellent directions for a man of the world. An observance of the subsequent rules would make a complete courtier, and assisted by a little native address a very popular man.

You must acquire, said my lord, in a letter to his son, whom he intended to make an accomplished statesman, patience to hear frivolous, impertinent and unreasonable applications, with address enough to refuse without offending or by your manner of granting to double the obligation. Dexterity enough to conceal truth without telling a lie. Sagacity enough to read other people's countenances, and serenity enough not to let them discover any thing by yours. A seeming frankness with a real reserve. These are the rudiments of a politician, the world must be your grammar.

You must look into people as well as at them. Almost all people are born with all the passions to a certain degree, but almost every man has a prevailing one to which the rest are subordinate. Search every one for that ruling passion. Pry into the recesses of his heart and observe the different workings of the same passion in different people. When you have found out the prevailing passion of any individual, remember never to trust him where that passion is concerned. Work upon it if you please, but be on your guard against it, whatever profession he may make you.

MAJESTY.

Charles V. on his accession to the Imperial crown in all the public writs, &c. which he issued as king of Spain, assumed the title of his Majesty, and required it from his subjects as a mark of their respect. Before this time all the monarchs of Europe were satisfied with the title of His Highness or Grace, but the vanity of the other Courts have followed the example of the Spanish. The epithet of Majesty is no longer a mark of pre-eminence. The most inconsiderable monarchs in Europe enjoy it, and the arrogance of the greater potentates has invented no higher denomination.

Sir William Temple says with easy elegance, that human life is like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over;—and Cicero in his treatise *de Senectute* declares, that if the gods offered to place him once more in the cradle he would reject the offer, for that life has nothing to recommend it.

That is a most noble sentiment of Rolla, in the play of Pizarro, when the centinel, who had refused a bribe, is vanquished by his own feelings and allows him to enter into the cell of Alonzo.—

Oh, holy nature, thou dost never plead in vain. There is not of our

earth a creature bearing form and life, human or savage, native of the forest or the air, around whose parent bosom thou hast not a chord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet it the plumage closest to her heart soft as the cygnet's down and o'er her unfledg'd brood the murmuring ring-dove sets not more gently.

The following lines from Roscoe's life of Lorenzo de Medici were addressed by Politan to that patron of learning. They are a tolerable compliment for a suit of cloaths.

Lorenzo, blame me not—I long
To raise to thee the grateful song.
Oft bending at the sacred shrine
I've woo'd the sweetest of the nine.
At length she came, but quick as sight
The goddess vanished in a fright;
Dear timid maid, all clad in scarlet,
She did not know the rhyming varlet;
My faulty numbers then excuse
That want the polish of the Muse,
Accustom'd to my smart attire
Once more perchance she'll tune my lyre
To strains of gratitude most fervent—
Till then—excuse your humble servant.

The following lines by Thomas Moore are distinguished for all that tenderness and simplicity and that smooth versification which distinguish the performances of this poet.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever,
They seem'd in very being twined,
Yet now the oak's as fresh as ever.

Not so the widow'd ivy shines,
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines.
And scatters all its blooms away.

Thus friendship did *our hearts* entwine,
Till fate disturbed their tender ties;
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine deserted, droops & dies.

EMERALD NOTICES.

Alteration of English Publications.—A warm dispute has commenced in the New-York papers on this subject. It is stated to be an increasing evil that the works of English writers are altered and reprinted in this country for the benefit of copy right. Lindley Murray's Grammar is said to have been thus chrysalized three several times.

Life of Washington.—The 5th volume of Marshall's Life of Washington has at length been published, but has not reached this town. The delay attending the publication has excited some surprise, particularly as the complete work was advertised in London on the first of January. There must be something wrong, we should think, in the business, as the American subscribers are entitled to at least as early attention as those on the other side of the water, and ought have been gratified as soon. Was the delay necessary and accidental, or designed for the purpose of speculation?

Prize Poem.—Charles Grant's Poem on the restoration of learning in the East, which obtained the prize offered for the best production on that occasion will be published at Salem, by Messrs. Cushing & Appleton. Those who have read the extracts from it which have appeared among our desultory selections will be anxious to peruse the whole of a production which combines so much learning, elegance and poetry.

Blair's Sermons.——Proposals have been issued by J. M. Dunham of this town for the publication of an edition of this valuable and correct work. We shall be happy to find that a book which has equal charms for the moralist and the scholar meets with a ready patronage from the citizens of New-England.

A new Flute.—An artist of Paris has invented a new flute of flint-glass which for the firmness of its tones is said to surpass those made of wood.

Culex of Virgil.——A translation of this minor poem of the Mantuan Bard, has been written by a young gentleman of this town and published at the Emerald press.

POETRY.

THE FOUNDLING.

s! what a piteous sight is there!
The helpless victim of Despair,
In Mercy's lap reclin'd.
or, blameless, blighted child of woe!
ou dost not yet thy suff'rings know,
Nor know thy patrons kind.

las! what guilt, or misery hard,
ould quench a mother's fond regard,
Could sever Nature's ties?
uld drop, forsaken and forlorn,
er son, her suckling, newly born,
To *pain* a stranger's eyes?

rhaps, once happy, artless maid!
e fell, by artifice betray'd,
And thought the vows sincere,
hich left her in a bitter hour,
r shame and anguish to devour,
Without one pitying tear.

rhaps an outcast from her home;
raid to stay—unus'd to roam,
She sought in vain relief:
ll hunger, cold, and toil, combin'd,
b 'numb her limbs, and wring her mind,
And break her heart with grief.

h, what could make, but horror wild
mother thus forsake her child,
And spurn the charge she bore?
eject it from her heaving breast,
nd leave it, an unbidden guest,
At a promiscuous door?

et not promiscuous—He, unseen,
ho knows what human sorrows mean
Thy wand'ring footsteps lead;
here dwelt humanity to feel,
nd ready skill was prompt to heal
Thine infant well nigh dead.

, when a tyrant's cruel breath
d doom'd each Hebrew son to death
To sooth his guilty fear;
ung Moses, by the river's side,
ithin his feeble ark had died,
But Providence was near.

e bid th' Egyptian Princess find
he babe, and, with a tender mind,
Compassionate its tears:
om sedgy Nile the Prophet rose,
ho sav'd his race, and crush'd their foes,
In his succeeding years.

Who knows but this poor little frame
May hold a spark of future fame.
Which time shall give to shine?
Matur'd to happier days, he may,
With filial love, your cares repay,
And cheer your life's decline.

Almighty love, what words are thine!
" Ye outcasts, I adopt you mine!
" Your parent, hope, and stay:
" A mother may her son forsake,
" But I my cov'nant will not break,
" Nor cast my child away."

THE OUTCAST.

When sun-beams bid the world adieu,
And ev'ning gales their flight pursue,
Slow o'er the heath I wind my way,
To muse upon the golden day
Of hopes forever flown.

The infant smiles of blushing May,
The birds that carol on the spray,
Can boast no charms to Sorrow's child;
For Fancy weaves her visions wild,
And sings of vanish'd hours.

Then does her bold advent'rous hand
(Ne'er under Reason's sage command)
Lift the mysterious awful veil
That hides the dark and blotted tale
Of moments yet to come.

Now does she guide my wand'ring eye
O'er times perplex'd, and wat'ry sky;
Spreads to my glance the features dark,
E'en all the dusky tints that mark
The tissue of my fate.

Oft have I listen'd to the theme
That speaks of youth's enchanting dream;
Oft have I smil'd to hear its praise,
For *I* shall never feel the rays
That wait upon its morn.

Where are the joys, the mantling joys,
The dimpled loves, with laughing eyes;
The hopes that soar on airy wing,
And o'er the scene rich magic fling,
Stealing the tints of truth?

When Night's dull wing with shadowy sweep,
In darkness veils the world of sleep;
Or when the moon's affrighted eye
Peeps through the wild embattl'd sky,
Silv'ring the rough cloud's edge;

'Tis then I face the piercing wind ;
What shelter can an outcast find ?
'Tis then, that 'midst the whistling blast,
The while the beating rain falls fast,
I tread my weary way.

How oft when journeying o'er the plain,
My sad heart torn by grief and pain,
While o'er my cheeks the cold gale blows,
(That cheek whence care has chas'd the rose
That once so gaily bloom'd ;)

Around I throw my eager gaze,
And view the ghosts of other days
Hurrying on the North's bleak wing—
They come—they come—I hear them sing
Sad strains that mem'ry loves.

Blest shades of all I once ador'd !
Of all I've worshipp'd and deplor'd !
Ye whom the hand of death laid low,
Dooming this heart to feel a blow
Greater than wreck of worlds !

As some fair trees, whose branching shade
Shelters the wild flower of the glade,
So did *ye* skreen my helpless head,
So did your arms their shelter spread,
To shield my youth from ill.

But, lo ! the angry tempest came,
And fiercely rag'd the lightning's flame,
Soon were my lovely trees laid low,
And I was doom'd to feel a blow
Greater than wreck of worlds.

Behold they beckon from the hill—
They ask, why here I linger still ?—
I come—the storm will soon be past—
My weary sun is setting fast,
And then—we meet once more.

SONNET.

Some boast of the vine's intoxicating juice,
And call the Bacchanalian's joys divine ;
Some hoard up riches which they never use ;
But I adore nor splendid gold, nor wine.
For some ambition spreads her varied charms,
Pointing the road to honour and to fame ;
Some love the clangor of opposing arms
And seek for glory in a hero's name
But in my breast ambition ne'er found place ;
Nor does the clash of arms delight mine ears :
Be mine the bliss to gaze upon the face
Of her I love, in smiles when it appears ;
To taste the balmy kiss, to view her swimming eye ;
Press her soft breast, and hear her melting sigh.

THE SAILOR'S WELCOME HOME.

When first at sea, the sailor lad
Trembling views the whitening billo
And sighs for cot of mam or dad,
Where flows the stream beneath t willow,

But safe returned past dangers spurn
He laughs at Ocean's threatning fo
Mam, sister & he all join with a glee
To sing the *sailors welcome home.*

When next at sea the bolder youth,
No more ascends the mast with terro
Yet pensive wishes Mary's truth
May clear the rocks & shoals of erro

The voyage o'er he comes ashore
And finds her heart could never roa
Then Poll & he get wed with a glee
And sing the *sailor's welcome home.*

EPIGRAM.

To a Lady who drew her Steel Pins fr her bonnet in a thunder storm.

Cease, Eliza, thy locks to despoil,
Nor remove the bright steel from t hair,
For fruitless and fond is thy toil,
Since nature has made thee so fair.

While the rose on thy cheek shall r main,
And thy eye so bewitchingly shine,
Thy endeavour must still be in vain
For *attraction* will always be thine.

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